

THE
COMEDY
OF
ERRORS.

R Shakspeare (W)
Written by SHAKESPEAR:

And now Acted

At the THEATRE ROYAL in *Covent-Garden*.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. RIVINGTON, W. STRAHAN, J. HINTON, C. BATHURST, HAWES, CLARKE and COLLINS, W. OWEN, T. LONGMAN, R. BALDWIN, T. DAVIES, L. DAVIS, B. WHITE, B. LAW, S. CROWDER, ROBINSON and ROBERTS, T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON, J. WILKIE, C. CORBETT, T. BECKET, J. ROBSON, W. HORSFIELD, F. NEWBURY, E. DILLY, G. KEARSLEY, S. BLADON, and T. CADELL.

M.DCC.LXX.

Writen by 2141374 AD



At the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SALINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLIS of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to*
ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse, } *Ægeon and Æmilia, but*
 } *unknown to each other.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Slaves to the*
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *two Antipholis's.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.

Dr. PINCH, *a School-Master, and a Conjuror.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *Sister to Adriana.*

LUCE, *Servant to Adriana.*

Tailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

S C E N E *Ephesus.*

The Plot taken from the Menæchmi of Plautus.

T H E



T H E
COMEDY of ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.

ÆGEON.

PROCEED, *Salinus*, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Syracusa*, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,

Both by the *Syracusans* and ourselves,
 I'll admit no traffic to our adverse towns.
 Nay, more; if any born at *Ephesus*
 Be seen at *Syracusan* marts and fairs,
 Again, if any *Syracusan* born
 Come to the bay of *Ephesus*, he dies;
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
 Unless a thousand marks be levied
 To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet 'tis my comfort, when your words are
 done;

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, *Syracusan*, say in brief the cause,
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my grief unspeakable;
 Yet that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
 With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increas'd
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To *Epidamnus*, 'till my factor's death;
 And he great store of goods at random leaving,
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before herself (almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear)
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon and safe arrived where I was.
 There she had not been long but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.

That

That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male-twins, both alike :
Those (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return :
Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon !
We came aboard.

A league from *Epidamnum* had we fail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick instance of our harm ;
But longer did we not retain much hope :
For what obscured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
Which tho' myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me :
And this it was ; (for other means were none.)
The sailors fought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship then sinking-ripe to us ;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fasten'd ourselves at th' end of either mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sun gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
And by the benefit of his with'd light
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,

Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
 But ere they came—oh, let me say no more;
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
 For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the Gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us;
 For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encountered by a mighty rock;
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpless ship was splitted in the midst:
 So that in this unjust divorce of us
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser wo,
 Was carry'd with more speed before the wind,
 And in our fight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
 At length the other ship had seiz'd on us;
 And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests,
 And would have 'rest the fishers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss.
 Thus by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 'To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And for the sakes of them thou sorrow'st for,
 Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befall'n of them and thee 'till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother, and importuned me,
 That his attendant, (for his case was like,
 'Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
 Might bear him company in quest of him:
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
 Five summers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,

The Comedy of Errors.

11

Roaming clean through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless *Ægeon*, whom the fates have markt
To bear the extremity of dire mishap;
Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
Which Princes, would they, may not disannul,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jailor, now take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his liveless end.

[*Exeunt*,

S C E N E II. The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of *Epidamnum*,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a *Syracusan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,

Dies ere the weary fun set in the west :
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we host,
And stay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee :
Within this hour it will be dinner-time,
'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn ;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a means. [*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. A trusty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests,
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn and dine with me ?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit :
I crave your pardon. Soon at five a clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort with you 'till bed-time :
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewel 'till then ; I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

S C E N E III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
'That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Inter

The Comedy of Errors.

13

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.

What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,

The clock has stricken twelve upon the bell;

My mistress made it one upon my cheek;

She is so hot because the meat is cold;

The meat is cold because you come not home;

You come not home because you have no stomach;

You have no stomach having broke your fast:

But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,

Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,

Where you have left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh, sixpence that I had a *Wednesday* last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?

The saddler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;

Tell me and dally not, where is the money?

We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust

So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jest, Sir, as you sit at dinner:

I from my mistress came to you in post,

If I return, I shall be post indeed;

For she will score your fault upon my pate:

Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, *Dromio*, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them 'till a merrier hour than this:

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the *Phoenix*, Sir, to dinner;

My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. Now as I am a christian answer me,

In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd :
Where are the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate ;
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders ;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks ? what mistress, slave, hast thou ?

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the *Phoenix* ;
She that doth fast 'till you come home to dinner ;
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid ? there take you that, Sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir ? for God's sake hold
your hands ;

Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say, this town is full of couzenage ;
As, nimble juglers, that deceive the eye ;
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind ;
Soul-selling witches, that deform the body ;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like libertines of sin :
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the *Centaur*, to go seek this slave ;
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

ADRIANA.

Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two a clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.

A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master, and when they see time,
They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lyes out a-door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, head-strong liberty is last with wo.
There's nothing situate under heav'n's eye,
But hath its bound on earth, in sea, and sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their male's subjects, and at their controuls:
Men more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wide wa'try seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and soul,
Of more preheminance than fish and fowl,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. 'Till he come home again I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause;

They can be meek that have no other cause:

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more we should ourselves complain;

So thou that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:

But if thou live to be like right-bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

S C E N E II.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear,
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I-pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but sure stark-mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He asked me for a thousand marks in gold :
 'Tis dinner-time, quoth I ; my gold, quoth he :
 Your meat doth burn, quoth I ? my gold, quoth he :
 Will you come home, quoth I ? my gold, quoth he :
 Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ?
 The pig, quoth I, is burn'd ; my gold, quoth he.
 My mistress, Sir quoth I ; hang up thy mistress ;
 Thy mistress I know not ; out on thy mistress :

Luc. Quoth who ?

E. Dro. Why, quoth my master :
 I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress ;
 So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders :
 For in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home ?
 For God's sake send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating :
 Between you I shall have a holy head.
 Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you as you with me,
 That like a foot-ball, you do spurn me thus ?
 You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face !

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look :
 Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
 From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it.
 Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
 Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?
 That's not my fault ; he's master of my state.
 What ruins are in me that can be found

By

The Comedy of Errors.

By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
 A sunny look of his would soon repair.
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
 And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy ; fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense,
 I know his eye doth homage other-where ;
 Or else what lets it but he would be here ?
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain,
 Would that alone alas ! he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
 I see the jewel best enameled
 Will lose his beauty ; and tho' gold bides still
 The others touch, yet often touching will
 Wear gold : and so no man that hath a name,
 But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV. *The Street.*

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
 Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedful slave
 Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
 By computation, and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with *Dromio*, since at first
 I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, Sir ? is your merry humour alter'd ?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again ?
 You know no *Centaur* ? you receiv'd no gold ?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner ?
 My house was at the *Phoenix* ? wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me ?

S. Dro. What answer, Sir ? when spake I such a word ?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner ;
For which I hope thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein :
What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me ?

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth ?
Think'st thou I jest ? hold, take thou that, and that.

[Beats Dromio.

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's sake, now your jest is
earnest ;

Upon what bargain do you give it me ?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a comedy of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams ;
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks ;
Or I will beat this method in your scone.
But soft ; who wafts us yonder ?

S C E N E V.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look strange and frown ;
Some other mistress hath some sweet aspects,
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow,
That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine ear,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thy self ?
Thy self I call it, being strange to me :
That, undividable, incorporate,

Am

Am better than thy dear self's better part,
 Ah, do not tear away thy self from me;
 For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thy self, and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot-brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou would'st; and therefore see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being trumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
 I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
 In *Ephesus* I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town as to your talk. [you!

Luc. Fie, brother, how the world is chang'd with
 When were you wont to use my sister thus?
 She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio*?

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didst return from him,
 That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
 Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
 What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir? I never saw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant.

Ant.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill it agrees with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine:
Whose weakness marry'd to the stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate;
If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss,
Which all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme;
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream;
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. *Dromio*, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And thrive you of a thousand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come, sister; *Dromio*, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
I'll say as they say, and persevere so;
And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The Street before Antipholis's House.**Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.*

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you must excuse us;
 My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours;
 Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop
 To see the making of her carkanet,
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
 But here's a villain that would face me down
 He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
 And that I did deny my wife and house:
 Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this?
 I think thou art an afs.

E. *Dro.* Marry, doth it so appear,
 By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear?
 I should kick being kickt; and being at that pass,
 You would keep from my heels, and beware of an afs.

E. *Ant.* Y'are sad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God our
 cheer
 May answer my good will, and your good welcome.
 But soft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.

E. *Dro.* *Maud, Bridget, Marion, Cicely, Gillian!*S. *Dro.* [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb,
 idiot, patch,

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
 Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such
 store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

A. *Adr.* [*Within.*] Who's that at the door that keeps all
 this noise?S. *Dro.* By my troth, your town is troubled with un-
 ruly boys.E. *Ant.* Are you there wife? you might have come
 before.A. *Adr.* Your wife, Sir knave! go get you from the gate.E. *Ant.*

E. Ant. Go get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir : oh, let it not be thus.

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.

Once, this ; your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ;

And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are barr'd against you.

Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,

And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner,

And about evening come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it ;

And that supposed by the common rout,

Against your yet ungalled estimation,

That may with foul intrusion enter in,

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead :

For slander lives upon succession,

For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd ; I will depart in quiet,

And in despite of wrath mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,

Pretty and witty, wild, and yet, too, gentle ;

There will we dine : this woman that I mean,

My wife (but I protest without desert)

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal ;

To her will we to dinner. Get you home,

And fetch the chain ; by this I know 'tis made ;

Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine* ;

For there's the house : that chain I will bestow,

(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)

Upon mine hostess there. Good Sir, make haste :

Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,

I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

An. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, Sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do so ; this jest shall cost me some expence.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II. *The house of Antipholis of Ephesus.**Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, *Antipholis*, hate
Ev'n in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?

Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,

Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness;
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth,

Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair; become disloyalty:

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, tho' your heart be tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?

What simple thief brags of his own attain?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard-fame, well manag'd;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word:
Alas poor women, make us but believe

(Being compact of credit) that you love us;
Tho' others have the arm, shew us the sleeve:

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife. [not,
S. Ant. Sweet mistress; what your name is else I know

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Less is your knowledge, and your grace you show not

Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The foulded meaning of your words deceit;
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are

The Comedy of Errors.

Are you a God? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield:
But if that I am I, then well I know

Your weeping sifter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed a homage do I owe;

Far more, far more to you do I decline:
Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sifter's flood of tears;

Sing, *Siren*, for thy self, and I will dote;

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye:

And in that glorious supposition think

He gains by death that hath such means to die;

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.

Luc. What are you mad that you reason so?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear
your sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on
night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sifter so.

S. Ant. Thy sifter's sifter.

Luc. That's my sifter.

S. Ant. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part:

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sifter is, or else should be.

S. Ant. Call thy self sifter, sweet, for I man thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life,

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife;

Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, Sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sifter, to get her good will. [*Exit Luc.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why, how now, *Dromio*. where runn'st thou so fast?

S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio*? am I your man? am I my self?

S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy self.

S. Dro. I am an afs, I am a woman's man, and besides my self.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how besides thy self?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that I being a beast she would have me, but that she being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, Sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is she a wond'rous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, she's the kitchen wench, and all grease, and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like

like so clean kept; for why? she sweats, a man may go over-shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; *Noah's* flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. *Nell* Sir; but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; she is spherical like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland*?

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenness, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. Where *France*?

S. Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

S. Ant. Where *England*?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain*?

S. Dro. 'Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd

The Comedy of Errors.

left arm, that I amaz'd ran from her as a witch. And I think, if my breast had not been made of flint, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a cur-tail dog, and made me turn i'th'wheel.

S. Ant. Go hie thee presently ; post to the road ;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart ;
Where I will walk till thou return to me :
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dco. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here ;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence :
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife adhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself :
But lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with a chain.

Ang. Master Antipholis !

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir ; lo, here is the chain ;
I thought t' have ta'en you at the *Porcupine* ;
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this ?
me *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what
privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my
shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my

Ang.

Ang. What please your self, Sir ; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me. Sir ! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have ;
Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain or money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir, fare you well. [*Exit.*

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell :
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts :
I'll to the mart, and there for *Dromio* stay ;
If any ship put out, then strait away. [*Exit.*





A C T IV.

SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. **Y**OU know since *Pentecost* the sum is due ;
 And since I have not much importun'd you :
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To *Persia*, and want gelders for my voyage ;
 Therefore make present satisfaction ;
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n just the sum that I do owe to you,
 Is owing to me by *Antipholis* ;
 And in the instant that I met with you,
 He had of me a chain : at five a clock
 I shall receive the money for the same :
 Please you but walk with me down to his house ;
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus,
as from the Courtezans.*

Offi. That labour you may spare : see where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end ; that I will bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors to-day.
But soft ; I see the goldsmith ; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dros. I buy a thousand pound a year ! I buy a
rope ! *[Exit. Dromio.]*

E. Ant. A man is well help up that trusts to you :
I promised your presence, and the chain :
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me :
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together ; therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat.
The fineness of the gold, the chargeful fashion,
Which doth mount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman ;
I pray you see him presently discharg'd ;
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money ;
Besides, I have some business in the town :
Good Signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself.

E. Ant. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not in
time.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will : have you the chain about
you ?

E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope you have :
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stay for the gentleman;
And I to blame have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porcupine*;
I should have chid you for not bringing it;
But, like a shrew, you first begin to braw.

Mer. The hour steals on: I pray you, Sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain.

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you e'en now.
Or send the chain, or send me by some token.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath;
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, say, if you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you? why should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none 'till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much
to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, Sir: you hear the suit.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. I do obey thee 'till I give thee bail.
But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, Sir, I shall have law in *Ephesus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the Bay.

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of *Epidamnium*,
That stays but 'till her owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The *Oyl*, the *Balsamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peevish
sheep,

What ship of *Epidamnium* stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee strait,
Give her this key, and tell her in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with *Turkish* tapestry
There is a purse of ducats, let her send it;

Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me; hie thee, slave; be gone:

On officer, to prison, 'till it come. [Exeunt.]

S. Dro.

S. Dro. To *Adriana*! that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowdabel* did claim me for her husband;
She is too big. I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, altho' against my will,
For servants must their masters minds fulfil. [Exit.

SCENE III. *E. Antipholus's House.*

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him a right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, tho' yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot nor I will not hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill fac'd, worse body'd, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet, would he in others eyes were worse!
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him tho' my tongue do curse.

SCENE IV.

Enter S. Dromio.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now,
make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, *Dromio*? is he well?

S. Dro. No; he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worse than hell?
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel:
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough,
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff:
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that commands
The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot
well;

One that before the judgment carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is rested on
the case.

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suit?

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested; but
he's in a suit of buff which rested him, that I can tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption; the money
in his desk?

Adr. Go, fetch it, sister. This I wonder at, [*Exit Luc.*

That

That he unknown to me should be in debt.

Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a stronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio*; there's the money bear it strait,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister, I am prest down with conceit;
Conceit; my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Street.*

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me,
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his shop,
And shew'd me filks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginary wiles,
And *Lapland* forcerers inhabit here.

Enter

Euter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for ; what, have you got rid of the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd ?

S. Ant. What gold is this ? what *Adam* dost thou mean ?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the paradise, but that *Adam* that keeps the prison ; he that goes in the calves-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal ; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No ? why 'tis a plain case ; he that went like a base-viol in a case of leather ; the man, Sir, that when gentlemen are tired, gives them a bob, and rests them ; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them suits of durance ; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a *Maurice*-pike.

S. Ant. What ! thou mean'st an officer ?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the serjeant of the band ; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his bond ; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and saith, God give you good rest !

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there rest in your foolery.

Is there any ship puts forth to-night ? may we be gone ?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to-night, and then were you hinder'd by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy *Delay* ; here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions ;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

C

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master *Antipholis*.
I see, Sir, you have found the goldsmith now :
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day ?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee tempt me not.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, a
rush, a hair a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone ;
but she more covetous would have a chain. Master,
be wise ; an if you give it her, the devil will shake her
chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or else the chain ;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

S. Ant. Avant, thou witch ! come, *Dromio*, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Cour. Now out of doubt *Antipholis* is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain ;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance,
Pelike his wife acquainted with his fits
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,

And

And tell his wife that being lunatick
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest chuse,
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. *The Street.*

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus with a Jailer.

E. Ant. Fear me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man, I think he brings the money.
How now, Sir, have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the money?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's-end, Sir, and to that end am I
return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beats Dro.*]

Off. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in ad-
versity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, Sir, that I might
not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass indeed, you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it when I sleep, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and I think when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

SCENE IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan and Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather prophesie like the parrot, beware the rope's end.

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats Dro.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good doctor *Pinch*, you are a conjuror,

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you in what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasie!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee strait,
I conjure thee by all the saints in heav'n.

E. Ant.

The Comedy of Errors.

41

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizzard, peace, I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou were not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame.

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what say'st thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable; she herself revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes she did, the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity you did, my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,

But surely, master, not a rag of money.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possess'd,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold,
But I confess, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both,

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:

But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he strives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come
near me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? thou jailor thou,
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters; let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him,

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee;

Bear

The Comedy of Errors.

43

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[They bind Ant. and Dro.]
And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house. Oh most unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh most unhappy strumpet!

E. Dro. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou
mad me?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing thus? be
mad, good master, cry the devil.

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence; sister, stay you with me.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

[Exeunt Pinch, Ant. and Dro.]

SCENE X.

Manent Officer, Adri. Luci. and Courtezan.

Offi. One *Angelo*, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man; what is the sum he owes?

Offi. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say how grows it due?

Offi. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,

(The ring I saw upon his finger now)

Strait after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

C 4

SCENE

S C E N E XI.

Enter Antipholis Syracusan with his rapier drawn, and Dromio Syrac.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help

To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[They run out.]

Manet Ant. and Dro.

S. Ant. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our stuff from thence;

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

S. Dro. 'Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they spake us fair, gave us gold; methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town, Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT



A C T V.

SCENE I. *A Street, before a Priory.*

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I Am sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you,
But I protest he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he did deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandal to your self,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly;
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our controversie
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think I had, I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir, and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine thou knowest well did hear thee:

Fie on thee, wretch, 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defie thee for a villain..

[*They draw.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God's sake, he is mad;
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. Run, master, run, for God's sake take a house,
This is some Priory; in, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt to the Priory.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I'm sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, fower, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him off from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modestly would let me.

Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.

In bed he slept not for my urging it;
 At board he fed not for my urging it;
 Alone it was the subject of my theme;
 In company I often glanc'd at it;
 Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
 The venom'd clamours of a jealous woman
 Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
 It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
 And therefore comes it that his head is light.
 Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings,
 Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
 Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
 And what's a fever, but a fit of madness?
 Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd with thy brawls.
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
 But moody, moping, and dull melancholy,
 A'kin to grim and comfortless despair,
 And at her heels a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
 To be disturb'd would mad or man or beast:
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
 Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
 Why bear you those rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
 Good people, enter and lay hold of him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth:

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
 And it shall privilege him from your hands,
 'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
 And will have no attorney but my self,

And

And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholsome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;

Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.
[Exit Abb.]

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Mer. By this I think the dial points at five:
Anon I'm sure the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ant. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend *Syracusan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come, we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bareheaded, with the
Headsmen, and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had
At your important letters, this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desp'rately he hurry'd through the street,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant mad himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords
Met us again, and madly bent on us
Chas'd us away; 'till raising of more aid
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them,
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee ingag'd a Prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could,
Go some of you knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady Abbess come to come.
I will determine this before I stir.

SCENE V.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save your self;
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My master preaches patience to him, the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjuror.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He crys for you, and vows if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, Hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: guard with
halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband; witness you,
That he is borne about invisible.
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

E. Ant.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus,

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious Duke, oh, grant me justice.

Ev'n for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life, even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son *Antipholis* and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman
there;

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Ev'n in the strength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great Duke, she shut the door upon
me;

Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house,

Duke. A grievous fault; say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister,
Did dine together: so befall my soul,
As this is false he burthens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the mad-man justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;

That

That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
 Could witness it; for he was with me then,
 Who parted with me to fetch a chain,
 Promising to bring it to the *Porcupine*
 Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him; in the street I met him,
 And in his company that gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
 That I this day from him receiv'd the chain,
 Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which
 He did arrest me with an officer.
 I did obey, and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and
 A rabble more of vile confederates;
 They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
 A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
 A needy, hollow'd-ey'd, sharp looking wretch,
 A living dead man. This pernicious slave
 Forsooth took on him as a conjuror;
 And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
 Cries out, I was possesst. Then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together;
 'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds asunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My Lord, in truth thus far I witness with him;
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang.

Ang. He had, my Lord ; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you ;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence I think you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me ;
I never saw the chain, so help me heav'n !
And this is false you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this.
I think you all have drunk of *Circe's* cup :
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :
You say he din'd at home, the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you ?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine*.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

Cour. As sure, my Liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange ; go call the Abbess
hither ;

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbess.*]

SCENE VII.

Ægeon. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a
word :

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, *Syracusan*, what thou wilt.

Ægeon.

Egeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bondman, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords.
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

Egeon. I am sure both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Our selves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinch's* patient, are you, Sir?

Egeon. Why look you strange on me? you know
me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life 'till now.

Egeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw
me last,

And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face,
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Egeon. *Dromio*, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, not I.

Egeon. I am sure thou dost.

E. Dro. But I'm sure I do not; and whatsoever
A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Egeon. Not know my voice! oh time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left;
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses, I cannot err,
Tell me thou art my son *Antipholis*?

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Egeon.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in *Syracusa's* bay,
Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st t' acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw *Syracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracusan*, twenty years
Have I been patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er saw *Syracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan and Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much
wrong'd. [All gather to see him.]

Adv. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is *Genius* to the other;
And so of these which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, command him away,

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.

S. Ant. *Ægeon*, art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound him
here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.

Spea't, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons?

Oh,

Oh, if thou be'st the same *Ægeon*, speak;
And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why, here begins this morning story right:
These two *Antipholis*'s two so like,
And these two *Dromio*'s, one in semblance;
Both sides emerging from their wreck at sea;
These plainly are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my son from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamnum*.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. *Antipholis*, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

S. Ant. No, Sir, not I, I came from *Syracuse*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my most gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous
warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman her sister here
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang.

Ang. I think I did; Sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, Sir, to be your bail
By *Dromio*, but I think he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me,
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors all arose.

E. Aut. These ducats pawn I for my father here,

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good
cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye shall have full satisfaction.
Twenty five years have I gone in travail
Of you my sons, nor 'till this present hour
My heavy burthens are delivered:
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast and go with me:
After so long grief such felicity!

Duke. With all my heart I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt*,

SCENE IX.

Manent the two Antiph. and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

S. Ant.

E. Ant. *Dromio*, what stuff of mine hast thou im-
bark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host, Sir, in the
Centaur.

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master, *Dromio*.
Come go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt the two Antiph.*]

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks you are my glass, and not my
brother:

I see by you I am a sweet fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

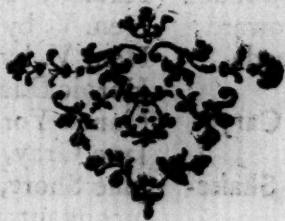
S. Dro. Not I, Sir, you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question:
How shall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the senior:
'Till then, lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus. [Embracing.
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*]



PLAYS, 12mo fold at 6d. each.

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| Æsop, by Vanbrugh | Devil to Pay, by Coffey |
| Albion and Albanius | Distressed Mother |
| Albion Queens, by Banks | Don Carlhs, by Otway |
| Alcibiades, by Otway | Don Sebastian |
| All for Love, by Dryden | Double Dealer |
| Alzira, by A. Hill | Double Gallant |
| Ambitious Step-mother | Drummer, by Addison |
| Amboyna, by Dryden | Duke of Guise |
| Amourous Widow | Damon and Philida, al- |
| Anatomist, by Ravens- | tered by Mr. Dibdin |
| croft | Duke and no Duke. |
| Anna Bullen, by Banks | Earl of Essex, by Banks |
| Artful Husband | Evening's Love |
| Artifice, by Centlivre | Every Man in his Hu- |
| Athalia, by Duncombe | mour, alter'd by D. |
| Aurengzebe, by Dryden | Garrick. |
| Basset Table | Fair Quaker of Deal |
| Beaux Stratagem | Fair Penitent, by Rowe, |
| Beggars Opera | Fatal Secret |
| Bold Stroke for a Wife | Flora, or Hob in the |
| Busiris, by Dr. Young | Well |
| Busy Body, by Centlivre | Friendship in Fashion |
| Caius Marius | Funeral, by Sir R. Steele |
| Captives, by Gay | Gamester, by Mrs Cent- |
| Careless Husband | livre |
| Cato, by Addison | George Barnwell, by Lil- |
| Chances | lo, Greenwich Park |
| Chaplet, by Mr. Mendez | Hamlet, by Shakespeare |
| Committee, by Howard | Hen. V. by Shakespeare |
| Conquest of Granada | Hen. V. by A. Hill, Esq; |
| Conscious Lovers | Heroic Daughter |
| Contrivances, by Cary | Honest Yorkshireman |
| Country Lasses | Jane Gray, by Mr. Rowe |
| Cymbeline, by Shake- | Jane Shore, by ditto |
| speare | Inconstant, by Farquhar |
| Cymbeline, altered by D. | Indian Emperor, by Dry- |
| Garrick, Esq; | ded. |

